

Our Young Readers.

TO BE.

Little blue eyes, in the west wind and warm
Covered as clouds from the wind and the
storm.
Guarded so carefully day after day.
What is your use in this world now, pray?
"Send your head down, my secret full tell;
There's a baby-bird hid in my tiny blue shell."

Little green bird, all covered with dew,
Answer my sweet questions, I pray.
What were you made for, and why do you
stay
Clinging so close to the twig all the day?
"Hid in my green sheath, some like to be
close.
Nestles the warm, glowing heart of a rose."

Dear little baby-girl, dignity and fair,
Sweetest of flowers, of jewels most rare,
Surely there's no other use for you here,
Than just to be petted and played with, you
dear!

"Oh, a wonderful secret I'm coming to
know,
Just a baby like me, to a woman shall grow."
Ah, swiftly the bird from the nest flies away,
And the bud to a blossom unfolds day by day,
While the woman looks forth in her baby-girl's
eyes.

Through her joys and her sorrows, her tears
and sorrows,
Too soon shall the years bring this gift to her
own.
God keep her, my woman, who's now growing
up—
—Katherine L. Stearns, in *Wide Awake*.

KITTY AND HER MAMMA'S BONNET.

The parlor door stood open, and little
Kitty strayed in.
She stood before the mirror and
reached out her small hands to the little
girl in there. The little girl reached a
pair just like them to her, and smiled.
Then Kitty laughed aloud, and said:
"Peek boo!" But the little girl in the
mirror said nothing, though she moved
her lips, still smiling.

Then Kitty saw her mamma's Sunday
bonnet, and put it on. Now she thought
herself all ready for a walk.
She went to the front door, but she
could not get out there! So she trotted
down the back stairs to the basement
door. Once or twice she stepped on
her long bonnet-strings and nearly fell.
The basement door stood ajar and
she went out. She had sometimes been
allowed to play on the sidewalk, while
mamma sat at the parlor window and
watched her; but now mamma was
gardening in the back yard, and did not
see her.

Kitty feared nothing. She thought
she would go and meet her papa. She
trotted along the walk, her bonnet-
strings streaming out behind her in the
May breeze. She met a policeman,
who asked her where she was going.

"Doin' to meet papa," said Kitty;
and the policeman, looking behind him
and seeing a gentleman coming not far
off, concluded that was "papa," and it
was all right, and let her run on.

She crossed one street and turned
down another, and came out into one
where were horse-cars, and where many
busy people were moving up and down.
She saw beautiful plants in one window,
and stopped to look.

Then a horse-car came along. Kitty
liked riding in the cars, and she went to
the curb-stone and held up her hand, as
she had seen her mamma do, to signal
the driver to stop the car. But he paid
no attention.

She saw a bird-store, and went there
and stood watching the birds till, by-
and-by, another car came along. Kitty
thought she would try again. She went
out into the street a little way, to make
sure that the driver should see her, but
just then a big ice-wagon came rattling
and crashing over the stone pavement,
as if it would run right over her, and
she hurried back to the sidewalk.

A puff of wind took her bonnet and
carried it under the horses' feet, and the
wagon wheels went over it, and it was
all mashed down in the mud. Kitty's
lip curled and quivered, and then she
burst out crying as loud as she could
cry.

Before this time mamma had come in
from the garden, and was looking high
and low for Kitty. She called and
called, and finally went and looked out
at the basement door, and there she saw
the prints of little shoes. So she knew
Kitty had run away.

She started off, without any bonnet or
shawl, to find her looking up and
down with her scared eyes and her white
face, so that everybody who met her
knew that something dreadful had hap-
pened.

One kind neighbor brought a bonnet
and tied it on her head, and advised her
to go straight to the police-station, and
give the alarm.

But the little mamma had a mother of
her own two or three blocks away, and
she thought nobody could help her
quite so well as she. So she ran till she
got there, and then she pulled the
bell so hard that her mother jumped out
of her chair, and ran to see what was
the matter.

When she heard the story she put on
her bonnet at once. She said just as
the neighbor had done, that the first
place to go was to the police-station.
So they started, looking and inquiring
all the way.

When they got to the station-house
the door stood open, and there, sitting
in a great leather-covered chair, sat
little Kitty, smiling and talking to a
policeman, and crumpling, with great
satisfaction, the candy he was giving
her.

Her face grew sober as she met her
mother's eyes. She didn't think much
about the naughtiness of running away.
What she thought of was the loss of that
nice bonnet.

But her mamma hugged and kissed
her so long and so hard that she con-
cluded that was forgiven, and didn't
realize that mamma didn't even know
that she had worn the bonnet. She slid
down from the chair and put her hand
into mamma's to go home.

"Dood-by!" she said to the man who
gave her the candy. "I loves oo; I'll
run aden some over day."

The next Sunday Kitty's mamma got
herself and her little girl all ready for
church except the bonnet. Kitty didn't
exactly go to church, but she generally
had on her Sunday dress and went
with papa and mamma as far as grand-
ma's house, and stayed there with
grandpa, who was too lame to go, while
the rest went to church.

When Kitty's mamma ran down to
gather her bonnet there was a great won-
dering what had become of it! It was
hard to understand Kitty's rather inco-
herent explanations about the going out
of the wheels, but at last they got at
the whole story.

"She ought to be scolded for taking
my bonnet," said mamma, "but I'm so
thankful it wasn't her blessed little head
that was crushed under those wheels
that I can't scold her!"

THE LATE COL. JAMES WATSON WEBB.

DIED, AGED 82 YEARS.

A Biographical Account of the Nestor of the American Press—An Interesting Sketch for a Notable Historical Figure.

(Chicago Tribune.)

General James Watson Webb was for many years one of the most roundly abused men in the United States, and his life was an exceedingly eventful one. He was born in Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y., February 8, 1802. His father, General Samuel B. Webb, of Wethersfield, Conn., was Aide-de-Camp to General Washington, and became distinguished for bravery in the Revolutionary War. At the age of twelve the present General Webb was sent to Cooperstown, Otsego County, where his education was completed. It was intended that he should have a profession, but he went into the employ of Colonel Magher, a merchant of Cherry Valley. When he was seventeen years of age, being desirous of entering the army or navy, and being strongly opposed by the guardian, he escaped from restraint by going to New York City. He obtained a letter of introduction from Governor Clinton to John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, and through persistent efforts secured a Lieutenantcy in the Fourth Battalion of Artillery, and was ordered to report at Governor's Island. General Webb never forgot Mr. Calhoun's kindness to him, and later had an opportunity to show his gratitude to the distinguished South Carolinian through the *Courier and Enquirer*, which General Webb controlled. In 1823 General Webb married Helen Lispenard, daughter of Alexander L. Stewart of New York City, and granddaughter of Anthony Lispenard, one of the oldest Huguenot families of the Empire State. In 1825 he was appointed Adjutant of the Third Regiment. In 1827 he resigned his commission in the army and became proprietor and principal editor of the *Morning Courier*. In 1829 he purchased the *New York Enquirer* from M. M. Noah, and found James Gordon Bennett laboring on that newspaper as a reporter. Mr. Bennett was retained by General Webb in the same capacity. The *Morning Courier* and the *Enquirer* were consolidated, and became known as the *Courier and Enquirer*. General Webb at once began the gathering of news in a more rapid manner than had been the custom hitherto, and gave his newspaper a start that wiped four of the old morning newspapers out of existence. General Webb was charged with having received improper facilities from the Bank of the United States, and a committee of Congress examined him at his own request concerning the accusation made by political opponents. In 1836 he challenged Mr. Cilley, a member of Congress from Maine, for misrepresenting this bank transaction on the floor of Congress, but Mr. Cilley refused to meet him. Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, General Webb's friend, became involved in the controversy, and shot a duel with Cilley. They used rifles, and Cilley fell. It was claimed that Henry A. Wise, afterward Governor of Virginia, was responsible for Graves' challenge to Cilley, and General Webb never afterward spoke to Wise. In the Presidential contest of 1844 Wise attempted to make Henry Clay responsible for the death of Cilley, but Graves made a statement which exonerated Clay. In 1844 General Webb and Thomas F. Marshall, a member of Congress from Kentucky and a nephew of Chief-Justice Marshall, fought a duel at ten paces near Wilmington, Del. General Webb's first shot passed under Marshall's foot, and the second just above the foot. Marshall's first shot was wide of the mark, but the second passed through Webb's knee. The affair grew out of an article which General Webb had written in the *Courier and Enquirer*. The duel created great excitement. General Webb was arrested in New York City for the crime of leaving the State with the intention of fighting a duel. He pleaded guilty and remained in the Tombs for two weeks, when he was pardoned by the Governor.

In 1848 General Webb's wife died. He again married—Laura Virginia, the youngest daughter of Jacob Cram, being the bride. In 1849 General Webb was appointed Minister to Austria, but the Senate refused to confirm him, Mr. Clay taking the lead in the opposition to him. After eighteen years of personal devotion to Mr. Clay, General Webb had advocated the nomination of General Taylor for the Presidency in preference to his old chief. No one individual in this country was so intimately acquainted with its public men and so closely connected with all the political events of the day from 1827 to 1860 as General Webb. He was a National politician and left State politics to Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward and others. After the assault upon Charles Sumner by Colonel Brooks, the *Courier and Enquirer* contained an article over Colonel Gibbs' signature denouncing the Southerner's conduct. It was arranged that Brooks should challenge General Webb, and the challenge was written but withdrawn.

At the opening of the rebellion General Webb applied to be appointed one of the Major-Generals to conduct it. He was offered the rank of Brigadier-General, and, with the approbation of his friend, General Scott, refused to accept it. Without his knowledge he was appointed Minister to Constantinople. He declined this position, but afterward accepted the appointment as Minister to Brazil. When Louis Napoleon came to this country as an exile, in 1852, he became acquainted with General Webb, and the friendship then formed lasted until the death of the Emperor. General Webb sailed for Brazil by Europe, and called upon the Emperor at Fontainebleau. General Webb remained at his post in Rio Janeiro for four years. The stormy times through which he passed are matters of history. The crowning success of his mission, according to himself, was an arrangement made with the Emperor Napoleon the 20th of November, 1855, for his peaceful retirement from Mexico. General Webb has never permitted his political differences to interfere with his personal relations. Calhoun and Cass, although opposed to him in politics for many years, remained his fast friends until they died. He gathered around him in the editorial rooms of the *Courier and Enquirer* men of extensive acquirements and brilliant powers, but they were all subordinate to his will. He was supreme in the conduct of his paper, and always held himself responsible for what appeared in its columns. In the early stages of his editorial life he had an inclination for controversial discussion, but advancing years mellowed him.

"Mamma, what do they make needles of?" asked Dorothea, as she looked up from her sewing.
She was a bright-eyed little girl of seven years, of an inquiring turn of mind and industrious in her habits.
"Of wire, Dorothea," replied her mother.
"Steel wire?"
"Yes."
"It must be very fine?"
"It is so thin that 15,000 ordinary needles can be made out of one pound of the wire."
"Do they make one needle at a time?"
"No, dear; that would be a very slow process, and would make them rather expensive. One hundred wires eight feet long are placed in a bundle and cut into proper sizes by a powerful pair of shears; it is so arranged that one man can easily cut 1,000,000 needles in a day of twelve hours."

Dorothea's eyes widened.
"How are they polished?" she asked.
"I hardly know whether I can explain the operation to you," replied her mother. "The needles are tied up in bundles, and are placed in what is called the scouring-machine. They are kept in motion from eight to ten hours, which gives them a silvery appearance."
"That seems simple enough," observed Dorothea.

"I didn't say they came out of the machine polished," resumed her mother. "The rolls are then covered with putty-powder and oil, wrapped in canvas, and placed in a similar machine called the polishing-machine. A third process is necessary. The canvas is removed and the needles are agitated in a vessel filled with soft soap and water."
"In order to remove the oil?" Dorothea asked.

"Yes, dear. They are finally dried in ash-wood sawdust, after which they are tempered."
"Which means made brittle, don't it, mamma?"
"Just so. It is done by making them hot, plunging them into oil, and afterward burning off the oil."
Dorothea was very much interested. She closely examined the needle which she had in her hand.

"Mamma, do they drill the eyes and sharpen the needles before they temper them?" she asked.
"Yes, Dorothea. I was getting along too fast in my description. A clever workman will drill and polish the holes of seventy thousand needles a week."
"That is a large number, mamma. Are they sharpened on a grindstone?"
"Yes."

"One needle at a time?"
"Oh, no. An expert grinder will hold twenty-five of the wires at once against the stone, presenting all their points by a dexterous movement of his thumb."
Dorothea pushed her inquiries.
"Where are needles principally made, mamma?"

"In Redditch, a small town near Birmingham, in England. It is the great center of the needle trade, and it may be said that it has supplied the whole world for almost two hundred years. Ninety millions of needles are turned out every week."
"It was a larger number than Dorothea's mind could grasp."
"Did they use needles in old times?" she asked.

"They are mentioned by some very old writers. The beautiful Babylonian embroideries, which were often made out of gold thread, were wrought with needles. The body of the wife of the Emperor Honorius, whose grave was discovered at Rome in 1644, was wrapped up in an embroidered dress, from which thirty-six pounds of gold were obtained. The needles used by the ancient Egyptians were made of bronze. They had no eyes in them, owing to the difficulty of piercing such minute holes in the metal."

Dorothea put away her patches, a thoughtful look filling her face.
"Mamma," she said, "they had needles in Bible times. Needles that had eyes in them, too!"
"Why do you think so, Dorothea?"
"Because it says, in the eighteenth chapter of Luke, twenty-fifth verse, that it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

"That, Dorothea, is now supposed to refer to the name 'needle's eye,' which was given to the narrow side entrances in the fortified places in the East. In India, an elephant going through a narrow door, or through the eye of a needle, is a proverbial phrase. Others say that in the dialect of Galilee the word for camel means also the cable of a vessel. It is not at all probable that our Saviour meant the eye of a sewing needle."—*Young Folks' Friend*.

Very Considerate.
"And you say that—aw—you can not be mine," said Mr. Alphonsus Fitz Foodie, as he ceased sucking the knot of his cane and examined it attentively to see that he had not removed any of the varnish in his effort to amuse himself.
"No, I can never be yours," the fair maiden answered. "You suit very well as an ornamental appendage at parties, but I am afraid you would not wear well as a husband."

"Yes—aw—aw—I have heard you say I possess some excellent qualities. You are very kind-hearted and extremely considerate to your enemies!"
"Considerate to my enemies?"
"Yes. For instance, you never put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains."

"No, never!"
"Well, that shows you to be very considerate."
"In what respect?"
"In not imposing on an enemy as impossible task."—*Somerville Journal*.

The Oil City *Beesard* is responsible for the statement that seawater and cream make girls "freckle," and cause them to too in.

JOHN C. ENO'S RASCALITY.

A Letter Which Throws Light Upon the Inside History of the Knavery of a Phenomenal Rascal.

(Boston Transcript.)

Young Eno saw that he had wrecked the bank, and made a clean breast of the matter to his father on Sunday. The shock to the old man was a terrible one, and his anger knew no bounds. He consulted with several of the directors, and they examined the securities in and the books of the bank, and found that the President had sunk \$3,000,000 of the bank's assets in Wall street. Nor was this all. He had made way likewise with a million and a half in securities deposited in the bank by his brothers and sisters and even his little nephews and nieces! Amos R. Eno, when he discovered these facts on Monday and Tuesday, was completely overcome by the baseness of his son's crime, and from the first was for having him arrested and punished as severely as the law would permit. It was all the other directors could do to divert him from his son to the bank itself. They pleaded with him not to allow the bank to be closed, because of the suffering that would be caused to the hundreds of depositors. Finally his anger toward his rascal of a son gave way to pity for those who had trusted the officers of the bank, and he consented to make good a portion of the sum his son had embezzled. His first offer was \$1,000,000, but this was not enough, and again he declared that he would see his son in prison before he would pay any more. But the arguments of the directors prevailed, and he contributed out of the savings of a long and busy life enough money, with the few hundreds of thousands which the other directors supplied, to cover the deficiency and make the bank solvent.

Well, the bank on Wednesday morning was declared solvent, and the work of paying frightened depositors began. Mr. Eno, Sr., and one or two of the directors were in the bank, and they thought that their troubles were in a measure over, when another dramatic incident occurred, and for a time the fate of the bank hung again in the balance. This was nothing more nor less than a check for \$1,000 which John C. Eno had drawn on the bank and which he had got cashed down yesterday he had confessed to an embezzlement of four and a half millions to his father!

This was the climax of impudence, knavery, and heart-hardenedness. Think of this young rascal getting such a check cashed and through the clearing-house knowing that his father would have to pay it or allow the bank to close its doors! At first Amos R. Eno's indignation was such that he declared that he would not pay a cent; this last stab from his son, was more than he could bear. But one of the directors of the bank offered to share the amount evenly with him, and after a time he agreed to this proposition. One can hardly conceive of a more despicable act than this of young Eno's drawing on a bank of which he was President, but in which he had no funds, and after he had confessed to an embezzlement of four and a half millions!

If Amos R. Eno had had his own way, he would have sent his son to Sing Sing and he deserves all praise for allowing the interests of the depositors to outweigh his personal feelings in the matter, and for this unexampled generosity in protecting those who, knowing that his integrity was beyond question, supposed that the stock had not degenerated in his son.

CLOTHESPINN TWELVE FOR A CENT.
Only 50 Per Cent. Profit to the Maker and 200 Per Cent. to the Dealer.
(N. Y. Sun.)

"To look at that clothespin," said the dealer, "you'd scarcely believe that the manufacturer could make an article of ten for a cent, and have a profit of fifty per cent., would you?"
"No," replied the reporter, "but I don't know anything about clothespins."

"Well," said the dealer, "they whistle 'em out at the rate of eighty a minute. A bench or maple log a foot in diameter and ten feet long, will whistle up into 12,000 clothespins. That log won't cost more than 12. The clothespins they cut out of it will be worth \$60.40. It will take them two hours and a half to run that log into clothespins, which is whittling out \$430 an hour. At ten hours a day they get away with four logs and have on hand 45,000 clothespins, worth \$265.60. Now the lumber for these pins has only cost \$8 or so. If that was all the expense, a man with a clothespin factory might snap his fingers at the Standard Oil Company, or Grant, or Ward, or whoever they are."

But then these logs must be sawed up by four different kinds of saws. One separates the log into lengths of sixteen inches; another saws the log into bolts three-quarters of an inch thick; another cuts the bolts into strips three-quarters of an inch square. These strips are caught on a wheel that hurries them to a gang of saws which chop them into clothespin lengths. These lengths are carried by a swift-moving belt to a machine that sizes them, sets them in a table that gives them their shape in the twinkling of an eye, and throws them to an attendant, who feeds them to a saw that moves backward and forward as if it were a snake. This saw saws out the slot that the wash-woman shoves down over the clothes on the line, and the clothespin is ready, all but kiln-drying and polishing.

"The latter is done in a revolving iron cylinder the same as castings are cleaned. All these processes cost money, and when the manufacturer comes to put up his goods for sale he finds that his profit on the 45,000 pins, his day's work, is only about \$33. We pay the manufacturer a cent a dozen, or a trifle more than eight dollars a thousand. We are compelled, in these close times, to sell them for four cents a dozen, or thirty-two dollars a thousand."

A Yarn Catches a Husband.
(Taunton (Mass.) Gazette.)

A singular story is told about the union of two loving hearts in this city which is worth repeating. The lady was passing the establishment where her husband had now been lately viewing passers-by, and as she arrived within the focus of his eyes she began to gaze, and though she tried to repress it with all her might it was of no use—the game came. Just at this moment she happened to look up and caught the laughing glance of "him" and the contagion at once spread—it broke both of them all up, so to speak, and when a short time afterwards they were introduced by a mutual friend, it became a very easy matter for both to slide at once into the state of feeling which, we are happy to state, surrounded them yet, with a fair prospect of a prolonged existence.

THE DAIRY.

The whey of buttermilk should be utilized before an excess of acid has consumed the better portion of it, as it invariably does, when stored in large quantities.

Nothing should be given a milk cow that, so far as quality is concerned, we would not be willing to eat and drink ourselves. Pastures should be free from weeds, brush and rank grasses, also from bitter herbs and low-growing deciduous and evergreen trees. There is no place on the farm where weeds are more liable to occur than in the dairy, and they creep in surreptitiously. It may be in the food, through carelessness in handling the milk, or as is too often the case, in keeping unprofitable cows. If ever eternal vigilance was absolutely necessary, it is in conducting a dairy farm.

The great flow of milk of cows is truly artificial. In a state of nature the cow gives only the necessary quantity, and gives it only the necessary time to sustain the calf. The greater and longer yield of milk is the result of better feeding, better treatment and longer manipulation of the teats. Hence, to increase the yield of milk, feed and milk well.

There is no need of bothering about a cow's pulse to find out if she is well or not; simply look at her nose. If well, it will be moist and cold; if feverish, dry and hot. She is like a dog in this respect. A staring coat or a hollow eye are also points indicating trouble, and as symptoms of disease they are more to be dreaded than the dry nose.

—*American Dairyman*.

The proper way to do where cream that has been skimmed at different times is to be churned, is to thoroughly mix it by stirring several times during twelve hours, keeping it in a temperature of sixty degrees, and it should not stand longer than that if the temperature is lower, and less if the temperature is higher.

We have often urged the necessity of shade in the pasture, and hope farmers all through the treeless West will lose no time in planting trees. A number of varieties are quick growers and will be found profitable. An exchange speaking about this matter says: "The eagerness with which shade is sought by sheep and cattle in hot weather ought to lead to the planting of some trees in each pasture. Where there is no shade at present, rapid growers like the silver maple, or any of the broad growing poplars, would be best. In moist soil, the elm is almost unequalled as a quick growing shade tree."—*Elgin Advocate*.

Measurement of Milk.
If the tests of noted cows were made known in quarts instead of pounds, the experiments would be more easily understood. It may be supposed that every farmer knows how many pounds of milk are contained in a gallon, but the common custom of measuring with the liquid system is not easily surpassed, and we may safely assert that there are hundreds of farmers who read of the yields of cows, given as so many pounds of milk, and yet do not feel competent to state what that quantity should be in liquid measure. The method of weighing by the scale is also misleading, as the quantity is usually seemingly larger than that from good dairy cows; but give the record in quarts, and every farmer understands the quantity as once.

Milk does not weigh the same under all conditions. A gallon of new milk should weigh eight pounds and eight ounces, or two pounds and two ounces per quart. It requires a pencil and paper for the farmer to reduce a certain number of pounds to the more familiar quarts, owing to the weight of a quart being two pounds, and with a fraction to contend against. Again, skimmed milk weighs an ounce more to the gallon, or eight pounds and nine ounces, while cream weighs only eight pounds and four ounces. Buttermilk, however, weighs eight pounds and eight and a half ounces, and the fraction in that case is a bother. Few farmers read milk records closely when pounds are given, for they do not wish too much arithmetic in simple statements, although the weight system may be preferable at times; but give the production in quarts, and greater interest will be created in the tests, for the easier and more thoroughly understood the experiments, the better for those who make them and for those who are indirectly interested.

—*The Farm, Field and Fireside*.

Washing Butter.
There is a stage in the churning process at which it is comparatively easy to remove the buttermilk and all it contains. When the butter is yet in a granulated form, the churning may be stopped, and the butter washed with cold water and brine. Advantage is taken at this stage, of the different specific gravity of the several parts of the whole mixture. The butter is lighter than the water; the casein, etc., is mostly heavier than the water. After agitation the latter rises to the top of the water, and the other solid matter remains mixed with the water, with a tendency to fall to the bottom. By drawing off the buttermilk, or water, from the bottom, the solid matter foreign to butter is more or less carried away with it. Two or three repetitions of the process complete the separation, sufficiently at least for practical purposes. Advantage may be taken, also, of the difference between the size of the granulated butter and of the solid matter in the buttermilk. The granulated butter being of the size of peas, or grains of wheat, or even pin-heads, and smaller, will not pass through holes, or in other words, a strainer, that will allow the other solid matter, which is too small to be visible to the naked eye, to pass through it.

—*Indiana Farmer*.

A remarkable case of change of color is existing the medical men of Santa Barbara, Cal. Four years ago a man named Pina was of very dark complexion. White blotches began to appear on his skin, and now he is as white as any man, save on part of his face and hands.

—*San Francisco Call*.

Japanese women have never been known to do anything but wash their faces and do not know the use of pins.

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Measurement of Milk.
If the tests of noted cows were made known in quarts instead of pounds, the experiments would be more easily understood. It may be supposed that every farmer knows how many pounds of milk are contained in a gallon, but the common custom of measuring with the liquid system is not easily surpassed, and we may safely assert that there are hundreds of farmers who read of the yields of cows, given as so many pounds of milk, and yet do not feel competent to state what that quantity should be in liquid measure. The method of weighing by the scale is also misleading, as the quantity is usually seemingly larger than that from good dairy cows; but give the record in quarts, and every farmer understands the quantity as once.

Milk does not weigh the same under all conditions. A gallon of new milk should weigh eight pounds and eight ounces, or two pounds and two ounces per quart. It requires a pencil and paper for the farmer to reduce a certain number of pounds to the more familiar quarts, owing to the weight of a quart being two pounds, and with a fraction to contend against. Again, skimmed milk weighs an ounce more to the gallon, or eight pounds and nine ounces, while cream weighs only eight pounds and four ounces. Buttermilk, however, weighs eight pounds and eight and a half ounces, and the fraction in that case is a bother. Few farmers read milk records closely when pounds are given, for they do not wish too much arithmetic in simple statements, although the weight system may be preferable at times; but give the production in quarts, and greater interest will be created in the tests, for the easier and more thoroughly understood the experiments, the better for those who make them and for those who are indirectly interested.

—*The Farm, Field and Fireside*.

Washing Butter.
There is a stage in the churning process at which it is comparatively easy to remove the buttermilk and all it contains. When the butter is yet in a granulated form, the churning may be stopped, and the butter washed with cold water and brine. Advantage is taken at this stage, of the different specific gravity of the several parts of the whole mixture. The butter is lighter than the water; the casein, etc., is mostly heavier than the water. After agitation the latter rises to the top of the water, and the other solid matter remains mixed with the water, with a tendency to fall to the bottom. By drawing off the buttermilk, or water, from the bottom, the solid matter foreign to butter is more or less carried away with it. Two or three repetitions of the process complete the separation, sufficiently at least for practical purposes. Advantage may be taken, also, of the difference between the size of the granulated butter and of the solid matter in the buttermilk. The granulated butter being of the size of peas, or grains of wheat, or even pin-heads, and smaller, will not pass through holes, or in other words, a strainer, that will allow the other solid matter, which is too small to be visible to the naked eye, to pass through it.

—*Indiana Farmer*.

A remarkable case of change of color is existing the medical men of Santa Barbara, Cal. Four years ago a man named Pina was of very dark complexion. White blotches began to appear on his skin, and now he is as white as any man, save on part of his face and hands.

—*San Francisco Call*.

Japanese women have never been known to do anything but wash their faces and do not know the use of pins.

THE DAIRY.

The whey of buttermilk should be utilized before an excess of acid has consumed the better portion of it, as it invariably does, when stored in large quantities.

Nothing should be given a milk cow that, so far as quality is concerned, we would not be willing to eat and drink ourselves. Pastures should be free from weeds, brush and rank grasses, also from bitter herbs and low-growing deciduous and evergreen trees. There is no place on the farm where weeds are more liable to occur than in the dairy, and they creep in surreptitiously. It may be in the food, through carelessness in handling the milk, or as is too often the case, in keeping unprofitable cows. If ever eternal vigilance was absolutely necessary, it is in conducting a dairy farm.

The great flow of milk of cows is truly artificial. In a state of nature the cow gives only the necessary quantity, and gives it only the necessary time to sustain the calf